

Title: THE WARRIOR

Author:

THE WARRIOR AND THE ACOLYTE

Good reader, I wish to tell you a story I heard about a warrior named Yevaud. He was a mighty fighter and was never bested in battle.

Challengers came from across the land and they all fell before him. One day an Acolyte of Stratos was healing the wounds Yevaud had inflicted upon a challenger.

As the Acolyte worked, Yevaud approached. 'You there,' Yevaud said. 'You will surely agree that there is no one better than I.' The Acolyte looked up at the warrior.

'That is not true.'

'What?!" roared the big man. 'This is one who is better than you,' the Acolyte said. 'Who?! Who is better than me?' he bellowed. 'Meet me here tomorrow and I will make him known to you,' said the Acolyte.

When the next day came, Yevaud arrived at the appointed spot. He found the Acolyte sitting beneath a tree. 'I am here. Lead me to the upstart,' Yevaud said. The Acolyte got to his feet. 'Follow me and I will take you where you may find him. Yevaud followed the Acolyte as they walked toward the mountains.

When they reached the sheer face of the cliffs, the Acolyte pointed to a cavern opening. 'In there you will find one who is better than you.' said the Acolyte. Yevaud drew his mighty sword and bravely entered the cave. All was silent for a moment, then a horrible bellowing was heard and the buzzing of many Mandril.

A short while later, Yevaud emerged from the cavern. He was exhausted and bloody. 'Acolyte!' he cried. 'There were only Mandril in that cave!'

'Yes,' the Acolyte answered. 'Those mandril have been plaguing this area for quite some time. Why, just last week they killed a small child.' 'But you said in there I would find one who was better than I!' said the fighter. 'There was, for by killing those Mandril, you used your sword for a good purpose rather than destruction. Therefore, the man who walked out of the cave was a better man than the one who walked into the cave.' And that is my story, friend. For you see, weapons destroy, but wit builds.